

question, But they are getting
interested. Read Sachs! Its
"Hear thy neighbor!" all the
way. He is quite a chief, but
to Anglo-Saxon ears this per-
sonal non-Honour is offensive.
But are the poor French under
Bismarck any kind of opponents,
I fear not. This is an answer to
some 12 dozen of your letters.
Their reproachful faces - if letters
can be thus personified, look at
me from all corners of the letter.
Hold I your pen of a "ready
quitter" - it should not be thus.
I would keep square with you.

The dear, God blessed two
are well; two thirds of them
asleep. The other decimial &
their vulgar fraction - are dis-
charging related obligations; Con-
sider me paid!

Wish a day-dug!

Yours - W. W. Bailey

Dear Friend, Pro. St Valentine's,
1889,

Translation of the Cunei-
form inscription - supposed to
have been engraved by one
philosopher, yea a student of
yours in the 4th year, last
month of Greece the Demo-
crat, Kismet!

Carex grisea.

Texas.

Hall, Legit.
"Nearer the type of the species,
having the long indented peri-
gynia." Orney.

The accompanying label is
undoubtedly Kellogg's.

I am still in some fog about
that Carex flaccosperma.

By the way, my friend Dr Christ
is a Carex "sharp". Fanning how
these worthless weeds have attract-
ed great minds. There is something
in it more than common," if philosophy

could find it out!"

The simple notion of your desiring to join a class of mine, you who sit as it were at the feet of the Gamahies of the Botanic Garden, 'why! my dear fellow, my lessons are the barest rudiments. Indeed, I know but little more. If I take up - say the "Anatomy of Botany" - I am stumped. No, it is lucky that I am so soon to pass on and leave the guidance of youth to better hands. I have had my little day.

Yes! the last number of Gazette & Bulletin look fine. To tell the truth I have not yet read them. I skim first; peruse afterwards. I have lately had a superb lot of plants from E. Wilkinan, Mansfield, Ohio; all from Chickadees, *Baileya* turned up again!

Marion, according to your extract appeared to be having the

sort of time that I presume kept Noah. But - I forget, that for some narrators had only two of a kind. With your \$4.00, I purchased some mounting paper needed in the Herb.

I have had no more reading lists of late. I am myself, reading Bryce's American Commonwealth. I have always had this curious crossing of purposes. I have been a truly immense reader; not omnivorous either, for I always abhorred what I considered trash. But desultory is no word for me. I should have been a literary man. I know that I mix both my vocations. Not that I do not love science dearly, but very poor noddle cannot grasp all this modern stuff of the German school. By the by, is it not time that the Germans were well whopped by somebody; who is to do it? That is the painful



Bailey, William Whitman. 1889. "Bailey, William Whitman Feb. 14, 1889." *Walter Deane correspondence*

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